MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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35p

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES-BARE and brunettes bushy-tailed

NUDE: THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER

WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST! The Victorians' most heroic blunder

SEX IN THE SKY: some tales of our times

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Annette

The atmosphere is dry and dusty, heavy with that peculiar ripeness common to well-thumbed volumes. Afternoon heat shimmers through leaded windows. A child hovers between two choices and is dragged by its mother towards the library desk – and Annette. 'I wish parents would let their children make their own choice unaided.' she told us. 'I don't mind how much noise they make as long as they learn to appreciate books properly.' We met 23-year-old Miss Annette Linder in the children's library of a small Midlands town. Ensconced behind ink-stained teak and dog-eared ticket files, she had all the impact of an overnight best-seller. 'Appearing nude?' she blushed pale pink at our suggestion. 'That's the oddest request I've had all day, but you've done wonders for my ego.' Barely a month later this blonde-haired, blue-eyed dolly was shedding bookish image, bra and panties in the flat of *Mayfair's* photographer. 'After I overcame the initial shyness I found it quite a liberating experience,' she said. 'I've always been cursed with this ridiculous baby-face. At 23, it's immensely frustrating. The men I go out with still tend to think I'm some kind of blushing teeny-bopper. At least it's obvious now I'm a fully grown

woman.' Fully grown indeed. Annette's dewy-eyed, newborn looks are in violent contrast to an extremely adult 35–24–35 figure. Born in the North, she spent three years at university studying politics and sociology – 'a hotchpotch of subjects' she called it, 'everything nobody else wanted to do, but I found it fascinating.' She would have liked to continue into research but decided she wasn't clever enough. 'Now I'm glad I didn't. I know people who did stay on and they've become totally academic, bound up in their subjects; they've no idea what's going on in the world outside.' Deciding that if she couldn't research herself she could help others to she jumped at a two-year library course – and arrived in the children's library. 'I worked exactly a month in the adult reference library. Frankly I couldn't stand it. The same faces turn up day after day. Obviously they've nothing else to do, but there was only one reasonable request in the whole four weeks.' She filled in during a temporary vacancy in the children's section, and became permanent. 'Most adults,' she explained, 'have very rigid tastes and aren't willing to experiment very much with anything different. But kids are obviously looking at everything new

and have genuinely fresh ideas. They *want* to experiment, and the scope is endless. Children's books today are so much better written than a lot of adult fiction – in fact recently we've been lending out novels written for older children in the adult section!' Recently too Annette has started Saturday morning 'read-ins' at the library for younger children – and boasts a regular clientele of about 30. 'It's been surprisingly popular. Mums can leave their kids here while they go out shopping and some kids just come along anyway. At the moment Pooh is the big favourite with Paddington Bear a close second.' Eventually she hopes to supplement her own story-telling with film shows of famous books and displays of children's art. 'The ideal would be to organise some kind of permanent children's art centre, including books, films, painting, play-acting and so on.' Such an ambitious future seems to leave very little room for a personal life. 'Oh, no,' insists Annette. 'I want all of my life to be as full as possible. I'd hate to be faced with the prospect of work, work and more work. There has to be some light relief.' Lightest relief of all is male company, on which her views are characteristically

open. 'I don't have a particular type. Looks aren't really important to me. I don't mean that if some gorgeous hunk walked through the door I wouldn't go ga-ga, but whether I went on going ga-ga would depend on what he said. I'm interested in a man if he's interesting – interested in the things I like.' For the note-takers those are foreign films – 'Czech films, especially – I think Milos Forman is the funniest director in the world'; reading 'of course. I read Tolkien's "Lord of the Rings" continuously;' writing: 'One day I'll summon up the courage to show someone, but it's just very private at the moment.' Ballet and amusement arcades. Amusement arcades? Her laugh was infectious. 'And ballet, mustn't forget that! When I was 10 I went to London for a holiday with my parents and we saw "Swan Lake" at Covent Garden and spent a fortune in Battersea Funfair. I don't think I ever got over either event. I still go to the ballet whenever I can and I can't trust myself near a fairground. Perhaps I'm more child-like than I thought I was.' Child-woman: woman-child. Watching Annette stretching nude and langurous before our lens, we were in no doubt that that baby-face hid a whole lot of woman.

MIRANDA

Blonde means the Midas touch. A touch of mythical sexuality, a touch that transforms the common or garden 'bird' into sensual gold. Ask Miss Miranda Kay, the blonde all gentlemen prefer. 'I don't know about that,' laughed this doll-eyed 22-year-old from Hendon, 'but I'm sure that being blonde does make a difference.' With jobs, with men? 'Both – but it works two ways. I've always worn my hair long mainly because it's easier – split ends or no split ends! – but also because it's quite on-turning having hair just brushing your shoulders. The only trouble is men assume you're a raving sex bomb, which I'm not! I'd hate to be in a job where I had to be in charge of anything. No one takes a blonde seriously.'

Seriously though, how else could we take Miranda? That golden mane spreads a honey lustre over every inch of her body, over heavy, pouting 36-inch breasts, 22 tight inches of waist and 35½ inches of dark-tipped stomach and warm-fleshed thigh. It's a lustre that burns, and clothes do little to hide it. Nude, she stands 5 feet 4½ inches. She first grabbed our attention from behind a plush reception desk in a Wardour Street film company's offices. 'I came here as a temp,' she told us, 'after walking out of a job I'd had for ages. It was with a big shipping company and really quite interesting, but I found the more I got involved the more it bit into my own time. To my mind a job should be just a job.' Involvement comes easy to Miranda. 'I'm a sucker for a hard luck story. You've only got to say "I'm in trouble" and I'm diving into my purse. It's ridiculous. I've been conned so many times.' She's fond of the film world. 'It's flamboyant, definitely phoney – but in a nice way. People are going to be good or bad whatever they do.' Did she mean the men? 'Of course. I like well-dressed men who know what they're about, but flashiness doesn't impress me. I get really annoyed with men who think because they're rolling in money I'm going

to fall all over them.' A forthright line for a generous dolly. Had she had any offers she couldn't refuse? 'I know, "I can see you in films. Sincerely I can" – the casting couch still lives! I think "sincere" must be the most over-worked adjective in the industry. I was shown a script once which mainly consisted of four girls taking their clothes off. I didn't mind the nudity, but after that it turned into a kind of general orgy. I prefer my orgies to be private. I'm strictly a one-guy girl.' Whoever that one guy is he's in for a marvellous time.

Francesca

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLIVE MCLEAN

Francesca dreams of a fairy tale castle over 600 years old. Around it is a rambling estate of 6,000 acres – quite a long walk to the gate. But Francesca doesn't mind because she has a stable of horse-drawn coaches to take her there. And if she doesn't feel like going out any one of 16 personal servants is instantly available to answer every need. Fantasy? Well, not exactly. Born 20 years earlier this regal life style would all have been hers. For 21-year-old Francesca is the daughter of Count Julius Sokollniki, dispossessed owner of 6,000 acres in Western Poland, descendant of William the Conqueror and King Harold of Hastings fame and now President of the Polish Government in Exile. It's a burden of history Francesca carries

lightly. 'I'm very proud of my family and our past,' she told us, 'but I can't really regret what I've never known. I was born and brought up here and I think of myself as English.' English enough to bare her 36–24–36 for our cameras. That's one thing I wouldn't have been allowed to do in the thirties,' she joked. 'The Poles are a very unpredictable race. They tend to be very passive for a long time but then they explode without warning.' Is Francesca as explosive? 'Sometimes, I'm afraid. I'm an Aries, which means I tend to be dominant.' It's an animal power that shows in her body and her family motto: 'I am as strong as a castle.' Castles, we should remember, have a habit of surrendering.

INGRID

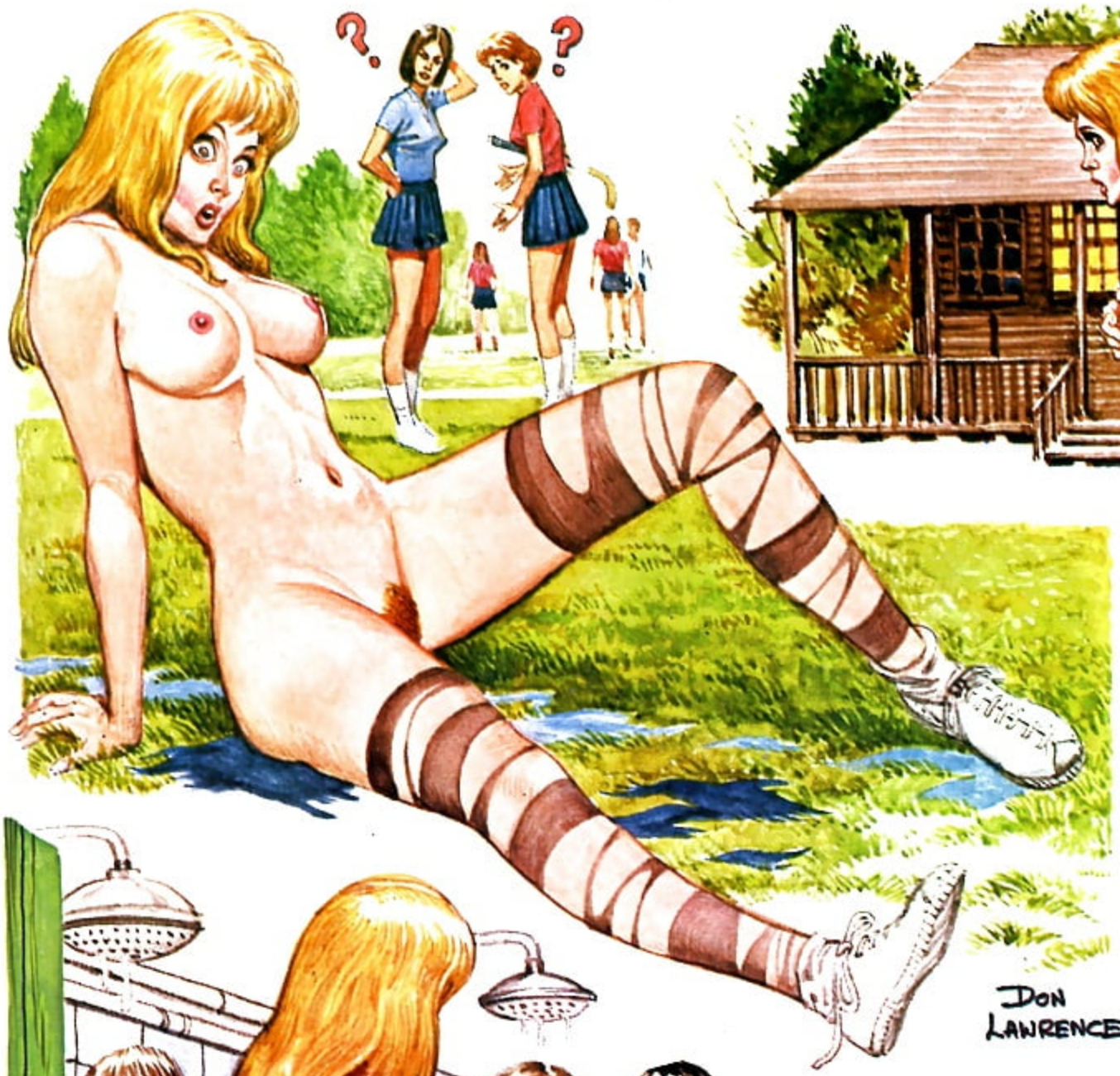
Forget the peaches and cream complexion, the dark demure eyes, the butter-wouldn't-melt-in-her-mouth expression – 19-year-old Ingrid Johnson has seen and experienced more of the world than most women twice her age. 'I suppose I do look a bit pristine – if that's the right word, but it's always astonished me how the quietest girls often lead the most extraordinary lives. Not that I'm quiet!' Her laughter is musical – with the lightness you might expect. But don't expect any more. Shedding a skin-hugging yellow halterneck in our offices, she displayed a pleasing lack of coyness over instant nudity. 'I spent a month at a nudist camp – in the Austrian Tyrol of all places! – about two years ago. After the first couple of days you completely forget about being embarrassed. Nakedness just doesn't matter if you don't let it. Swimming in the nude

especially is absolutely glorious. Feeling water against every inch of your skin. Since then I've never been ashamed of my body.' And why should she be? we agreed, casting grateful eyes over her pert and youthful 35-25-35 inches. Ingrid performed her public strip courtesy of a West German family – keen nudists themselves – with whom she was au-pairing. 'I didn't get on terribly well with them,' she admits. 'The children were a bit of a handful, two boys, and I never had any spare time. I was accused of being man-mad because I wanted to go out with one of the boys who worked at the camp. He used to call

me his little squirrel – "eiketle" was the word, I think; it was a big joke with him.' Quitting the family after three months she lived and worked briefly in Vienna. 'I helped on a kind of soup-stall in the Prater – the big fairground there. The wages were abysmal but meals were thrown in and I was able to share a flat very cheaply.' Otherwise Vienna appealed. 'It could be such a beautiful city if someone was willing to spend any money on it. All the splendid old buildings are just crumbling. But I loved St. Stefansdom and the Danube – which is not blue at all!' After Vienna, a brief spell at the Sorbonne in Paris. 'Studying Greek antiquities, I think. My French wasn't really up to it, but the student concessions were a great help.' And on to Sunningdale in Royal Berkshire – and more boys. 'Aged 10 and 11,' she smiles. 'But I'm keeping my eyes wide open.'

CARRIE

A bit of a balls-up occurs when Carrie plays jolly hockey



DON LAWRENCE.